HUNDRED FLOWERS

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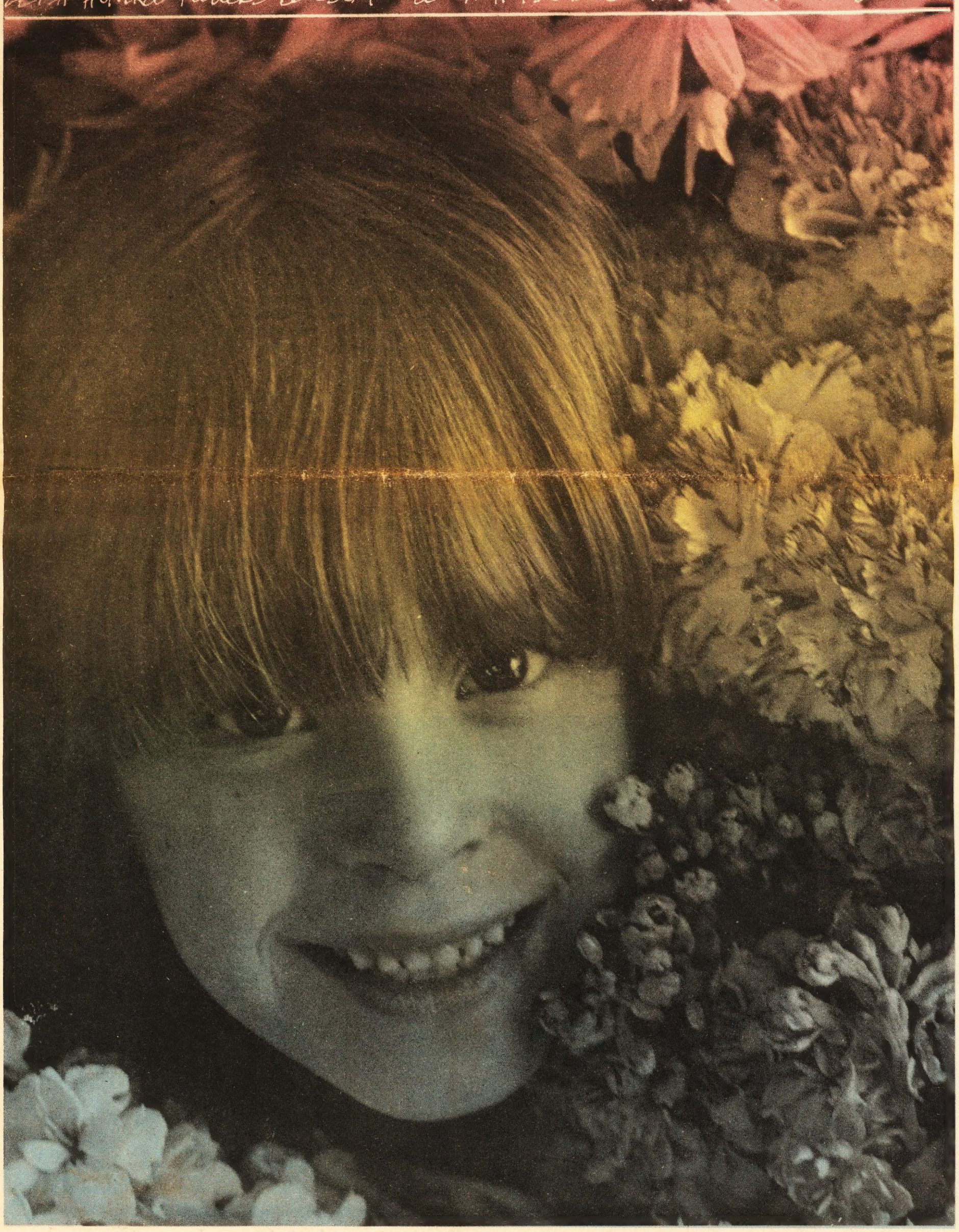
LET A HUNDRED FLOWERS BLOSSOM—LET A HUNDRED SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT CONTEND



APRIL 28: Honeywell project

Two organizations confront each other in Minnesota--one runs nothing, the other almost everything.

One is a community, together, mostly young, tossing frisbies and leaflets, napalming crowds with marshmallows and coming down to play-serious talk, learning to trust, like and hold each other, experimenting with politics and action.

The other is a huge multinational corporation, Minnesota's largest private employer, maker of fragmentation bombs, napalm fuses, ABM-Minuteman, biological-chemical weapons and "spew," which has huge investments in South Africa, exploits the labor of thousands of men and women in Minneapolis and throughout the world and is cynical, stone-faced, afraid of laughter and play, greedy, and dirty as hell.

MARV DAVIDOFF, proprietor of Liberty House, met with the chaplin at Macalester who had recently talked with the North Vietnamese. "This is an anti-personnel bomb dropped upon men, women and children in Vietnam," the Vietnamese said. "It was made by Honeywell in Minneapolis. Ask the people of your city why they do this to us. We have done nothing to them!"

Then, we sat across the table from James Binger, Chairman of Honeywell's board. "We make the bombs, Binger said cooly,"as a matter of good citizenship."

SO THE Honeywell Project began. We researched and found that Honeywell's war profits provided the needed capital for its computer adventures, that Binger and the corporation's president, Steven Keating, treat Honeywell's skilled workers with maddening disdain, that all workers at Honeywell are underpaid, that safety is lax, that job security is non-existent. It talked to people in the community and found that high-paid engineers are treated like robots, their creativity stifled,their inventions stolen.

The bad in Honeywell is its reality; the good, its potential. The Honeywell Project set out to release its potential.

PROJECT MEMBERS met with Bruce Dayton, a board member known to his employees as "Mr. Bruce." He refused to be liberated. Now his oldest son Mark will confront him at the April 28th stockholders meeting.

Charles Pillsbury found he had stock so he tried to get the shareholders list. Honeywell hired the biggest law firm in Minnesota, the judge sat on the simple case for months and then ruled. Since Pillsbury didn't want to take over the company, he said, but merely to communicate his feelings to his brother and sister shareholders, he did not have the good of the company at heart. The judge knew where it was at. No list.

OTHERS READ about Pills- bury and decided to move. Honeywell Project discovered shares could be divided among brothers and sisters and they would have the right to come to stockholders' meeting and be heard. "Gee ma, imagine me at a stockholders' meeting." The news travelled fast, ministers, faculty, students, housewives, heads - everyone decided to come to the meeting. Now, some say 100 million people will come to the shareholders' meeting.

Binger and Keating are very rich,live in huge homes and have few friends. They don't have anyone to give their shares to. So they've decided to hold the meeting in a room too small for the shareholders. They've decided TV and cameras can't come in. They've decided discussion has to stick to "business." In fact, right now, they decide just about everything. This will not go on much longer.

PEOPLE around the country dug the idea. Imagine, each corporation with its own project, supporting workers, liberating engineers, stopping junk production. Now, Gulf has one in Pittsburgh, United Aircraft in Hartford; Boeing in Seattle; Commonwealth Edison in Chicago; AT&T in Cleveland and General Motors has Nader.

There are a lot of corporations. But a very few bigshots control them, all like Binger, stone-faced, more serious about death than life. The Board of Honeywell controls 100 other corporations,banks, schools, industries and department stores.

On April 22nd we will warm up by taking our bikes from the campus to the General Electric stockholders meeting at the Minneapolis auditorium. G.E. is the 2nd largest defense contractor in the U.S., it is a major polluter and its TV's blow up in your face.

AS TECHNOLOGY that could solve all our problems is developed, masses of people-the only ones who could use the technology correctly-are also getting ready. On April 27th, Jerry Rubin, Staughton Lynn, Robert Bly, Barbara Deming, editor of Liberation. Stewart Meacham, Peace Secretary for the Quakers, will speak at a huge rally at Macalester Stadium (7 pm). We will greet Jerry at the airport with a key to the city. Then, at noon, April 28th, we will all meet at the park in front of the Art Institute and go to Honeywell. April 28th is Honeywell Liberation Day. E.S.

Teachers streak!

NINE DAYS AGO,members of Minneapolis Local 59 of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) dusted their erasers, locked away their grade books and went out on strike. By Monday, every city public school was shut down. It's a sample of white-collar militancy which is bound to grow in the next few years.

Some of the teachers' demands are:

--a guarantee against job discrimination due to membership in any organization.
--a school year of no more than 185 working days each of which to be seven and three-quarters hours long including a half-hour, duty-free lunch period.
--a detailed grievance procedure including strict confidentiality. After a grievance has been resolved it can be destroyed.
--access to his own personnel file with the right to question or reproduce anything in it. This file will not contain records of grievances.
--release from responsibility to supervise lunch rooms or study halls nor do they want to do building patrols. These duties are to be handled by para-professionals.
--substantial across-the board salary increases based on a fixed schedule.

--class size maximums: Elementary classes at a maximum of 24 pupils (200 in inner city schools and 15 for classes of low achievement pupils.
--high school and jr. high schools are to have fifty classroom teachers for every 1000 students. (They have stated it this way, probably, to allow for flexibility in assignment.)

There is also a demand about class room discipline which is very paternalisticly worded. It might be construed to allow political repression of students who are "disrupting" the class room by raising objections to the standard presentations of history, politics, etc.

All in all, however, the demands are progressive.

In striking, the AFT has broken a state law. In so doing the teachers have demonstrated graphically to their students the heavy lesson that the "law" is not the same thing as morality or ethics. As soon as the teachers are back, high school and jr. high students should persuade their teachers to hold discussions about labor history, the need for organized militancy, and explain who the law really serves.

THE RED BARN BURNERS

AT ABOUT 7 in the a.m. on the first day of April a bunch of us krazy long-haired, drug-eyed, hippy, radical,communist flower plots a mozied down to some recently-vacated stores to check out the scene. All of a sudden--just like a bolt of Superman lightming from the sky-- the doors of five vacant store fronts flew open and we walked into the buildings to set a spell.

We were a settin there awaiting for the Red Barn Bulldozer Man to come along. And we sat. And we sat. And we learned that good ole Local 49 (heavy machine operators) had gone on strike that very morning. We later got a phone call from ole Local 49 who said our take over was union endorsed and that the workers considered us their representatives on the picket line. So we just sat around like we were picketing the buildings.

OUR GOAL IS TO CREATE FIRES, BLACK-OUTS, SUBWAY STOPPAGES, STRIKES AND SNOWSTORMS BECAUSE ONLY IN CRISIS DOES LIBERATION COME TO A CITY.

Jerry Rubin

WE THOUGHT we had a pretty fair reason for taking the buildings. On March 1st five small businesses-- some of which had been in the same location for over 20 years-- were given 30 days to pack up and get the hell out of there so that another plastic fantastic Red Barn of our dreams can go up.

Every Southeast community organization,including the University of Minnesota,opposed the building of the Barn on that site. The community felt that three shitburger joints serving fast-order plasticity in Dinkytown were enough and that a fourth such joint would be too much grease. At a meeting with RB's local VP, Robert Lafferty, community leaders voiced their objections. To a dead head with a dumb ear.

20,000 PEOPLE signed a petition saying that they didn't want a Barn. Fourty-four Dinkytown merchants followed suit. And to prove that he's an O.K. guy, Lafferty promised to put his money machine in a chicken coop instead of a neon Barn. Its the kind of response you'd expect from a former-honor-guard-to-President Ike-turned-Barn-Baron-in-double-breasted-blazer.

ALL YOUR PRIVATE PROPERTY IS TARGET FOR YOUR ENEMY AND YOUR ENEMY IS WE

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED TO CONVINCE Lafferty, a group of us decided that the only course of action left was to stop the demolition of the buildings in anyway possible, be it by laying down in front of the bulldozers or whatever. Because of the strike we were given more time to deal with the reality of the Occupation. Relationships among the occupiers changed. Roles changed. Responsibilities were undertaken. People who had never known each other before have become like brothers. And because we have had time to work together as a unit, we have worked out a strategy for when the bulldozers do come.

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT IN THE STREET
GOT A REVOLUTION GOT A REVOLUTION
AIN'T IT AMAZING ALL THE PEOPLE I MEET
GOT A REVOLUTION GOT A REVOLUTION

There is a core group of about 25 who eatsleeplovelaughcough (most of us are on the verge of bronchial pneumonia) workandthinktogether in the buildings. There are another 30 or so who, although they do not live in the buildings, show up regularly. But there are also those 20,000 people in the neighborhood.

And in a greater sense, we represent anyone who has ever been displaced by urban renewal or support community control.

Mama D brings food from her restaurant. Dinkytown grocers bring cans and packages of food. Neighborhood residents cook up pots of stew. Dinkytown merchants gave us brooms. Elderly people come over for an afternoon to help picket. On Sunday afternoon our neighbors and friends come down with their children at about 2 O'clock for our weekly neighborhood picnics.

WITH OUR FREE STORES, LIBERATED BUILDINGS, COMMUNES, PEOPLE'S PARKS DOPE, FREE BODIES AND OUR MUSIC, WE'LL BUILD OUR SOCIETY IN THE VACANT LOTS OF THE OLD AND WE'LL DO IT BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

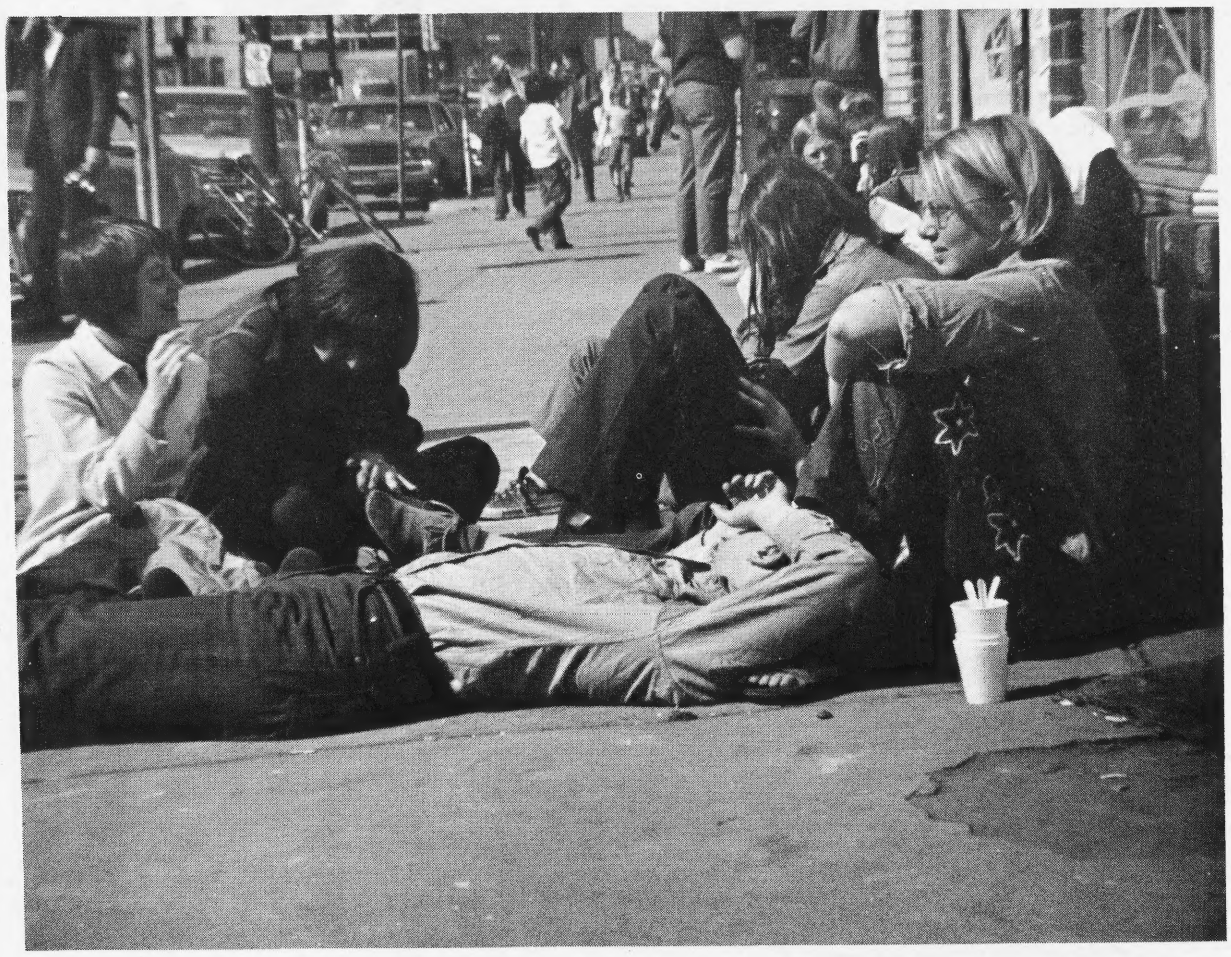
Abbie Hoffman, Woodstock Nation

When we came into the buildings our only mission was to stop the Red Barn. But as hours turned into days and our actions turned into daily routines, certain attitudes began to develop about the buildings. As a collective we came up with a three point program in relation to the buildings:

1. No negotiations with Red Barn They cannot build.
2. The former tenants of the buildings may return. (Mr. Solland of the shoe service has said he intends to return.)
3. The other buildings will be turned over to the community for community services.

A number of Southeast organizations have endorsed our program. In fact, something really far out happened to our 3-point plan just Tuesday night at the University District Improvement Association meeting. Lafferty, who has been promising to change the ugly architecture of his ugly barn to fit in more with the quaint atmosphere of Dinkytown, brought his blue prints to the meeting. "Why," said one member of the community, "It still looks like a barn." Lafferty was laughed out of the meeting. UDIA passed our 3 point program unanimously.

The community does not want Red Barn.



New Mobe

Yet another demonstration is planned for Saturday by the New Mobe. It'll start at 11:00 a. m. at Northrup Auditorium and they will march downtown to the Federal Building. They have a permit to do that. Then they plan to march to Loring Park (through downtown) for a rally with music and speakers.

Might be fun.

Somebody ought to tell the good people at the New Mobe that there might be better starting places for the revolution than the Ivory Tower.

For further information call: The New Mobe, 335-8759

Earth Week Events :

MONDAY: 10 a.m. opening of Geodesic Dome and display of environmental alternatives in front of Coffman Union.
TUESDAY: 3:30 p.m. Workshop--Human Hangups to Ecological Solutions. St. Paul campus.
WEDNESDAY: 9:30 a.m. rally outside Northrup Auditorium; speakers, music; award ceremony for local polluters. Followed by bicycle caravan to demonstration at GE stockholders meeting, Minneapolis Auditorium.
1-6 p.m. Teach-in on the environment, Coffman Union Main Ballroom.
7 p.m. Workshops
THURSDAY: 11 a.m. Address by a Dr. Robert van den Bosch, "The Pesticide Crisis"; North Star Ballroom, Coffman Union.
8 p.m. Address; Dr. Paul Ehrlich, Stanford U.; Northrop Auditorium.
FRIDAY: Address: Buckminister Fuller. Coffman Main Ballroom.

FRIDAY: 3 p.m. Address: Buckminster Fuller. Coffman Main Ballroom.
7:30 p.m. Legislators Forum on the Environment. Coffman Main Ballroom.
SATURDAY: 10 a.m. High School Congress, Coffman Main Ballroom.
SUNDAY: 1-5 p.m. Environmental Rock Festival, over River Road parking ramp.

After Earth Week, What ? *

EVEN THOUGH ECOLOGY appears to be a New Cause, its perspective has always been implied in the life-values that underlie the youth culture.

Freaks escaped the cities to the California Sierras, New Mexico deserts and New England valleys. Their distrust of urban-oriented bourgeois culture led to eastern philosophies, Ginsberg and Snyder, romantic primitivism and the American Indian, who became a hip symbol.

People's Park was as much a struggle for ecology as about politics and since it the word "ecology" has become so powerful, meaning all things about life/death and survival, that no radical and/or freak could ignore it.

For the last year, every underground paper in the country has run ecology articles regularly, and of course the straight press recently picked up on it too.

NEVERTHELESS, EARTH WEEK and the current ecology activities are a first. Sure, there was the original teach-in movement on Vietnam, but that took months to develop momentum. People on one campus told friends on the next and so it grew. It was a year later before teach-in was an established 'counter-institution' and a flood of articles and books were coming out on the war.

Not so with the ecology movement's Earth Week; like Moratorium, it is almost a media-coordinated event.

In Minneapolis alone, Earth Week features an elaborate variety of activities involving geodesic domes, raps by Buckminister Fuller and Dr. Paul Ehrlich, workshops and teach-ins, a rock festival and bicycle caravan, and garbage collection. A visit to Savran's bookstore on the West Bank reveals the vast number of books on ecology which have been published in preparation for Earth Week.

There is much to listen to and read about--which Earth Week demonstrates. But what happens when it is over?

After the speeches are over, the buttons and books are bought, and symbolic actions have been done; are the basic needs of The Earth Household to be swept under the rug? Will even a hundred of those countless students who attend Earth Week events burn their class cards as pledges to work full time to save the planet?

GRANTED, YOU MUST have information on which to act, but most people are afraid to take the words outside the teach-in auditorium where the Mississippi River screams for bubbling breath, the air chokes with smoke from the University's own stacks, and the streets of West Bank belong to the garbage.

Will the thousands who are shaken by Paul Ehrlich's prophecies of eco-catastrophe and stirred by Bucky Fuller's imaginative designs move toward independent action against those who pollute and plunder our planet? Or will ecology simply become the 'lowest common denominator' issue for every two-bit politican to exploit during the next few years?

This is a real possibility since, up till this point, most of the ecologically conscious groups in the country have had a liberal outlook that is not unlike the one of earlier civil rights activities. They don't make that connection between violence on the environment and the system that perpetrates it. They attack only the effects, not the root causes. They join in pleas to government leaders and in campaigns to influence legislation.

If anything is evident about the present ecological crisis, it is that human energy spent in those directions can only delay the final catastrophe; it can never prevent it.

EARTH WEEK'S ORGANIZERS have done a beautiful job of turning on masses of concerned people to the importance of ecology. But we now need Ecology Action groups of spontaneously activist, green guerrillas who understand that those who wield power and pillage the planet are not "uninformed."

Such action groups could make sure that the new ecology movement does not simply become a campaign for pollution reforms that act as safety-valves for a system of natural and human exploitation.

Radical ecologists know that the fundamental cause of the ecological crisis is not that scientists have too little (or too much) political power, nor is it Technology or population growth or merely the profit-system. They understand:

--that the ecological crisis is fundamentally a social problem, deeply rooted in the structure of society and in the cultural values that this society generates and reinforces,

--that the present structure of society, a product of material conditions, is based on man's domination and exploitation both of nature and of his fellow man,

--that this domination is a result of the concentration of power, created by the centralization of energy, material and human resources, and social administration,

--that therefore the cities must be decentralized into regional communities and neighborhood control encouraged,

--that the earth's resources must be utilized on a regional community basis of mutual aid, and to be determined by the life-carrying capacity of the ecosystem in shich the communities are located, and,

--that all social institutions of domination and exploitation, from the patriarchal family to the modern nation-state, must be dissolved,

--that the life-style revolution of hip culture, expanded experience, eroticism, freedom, and consciousness is inseparable from the ecology movement,

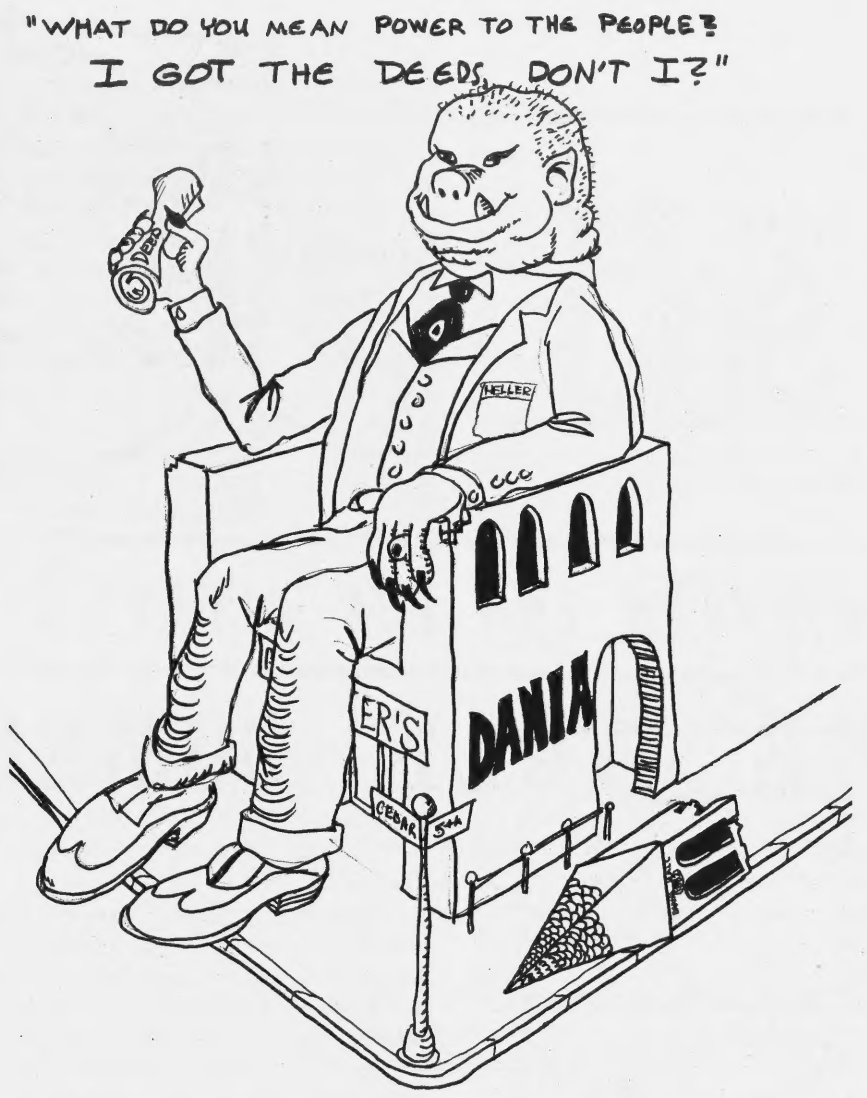
--that, however, the creation of this life-value society is impossible within the present death-value social system, and therefore the ecology movement is also inseparable from the liberation movements of colonial peoples, black and brown people, american indians, working people, gay people, women, youth, and children,

--that direct action is the only effective means that people can take to gain control of their environment, their lives, and their destinies,

--and that revolutionaries must become hip to ecology, and the ecological hip must turn on to revolution.

CEDAR-RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY UNION

by Father Bill Teska+



To combat institutional and big-business oppression in the West Bank area, the Cedar-Riverside Community Union is pursuing action on several fronts. The Union was formed in February, and since then its members have made the voice of the residents of the neighborhood heard at the University and in the City Council's Housing and Redevelopment Authority. The next target i s the infamous West Bank oppressor and profiteer, known as Cedar-Riverside Associates.

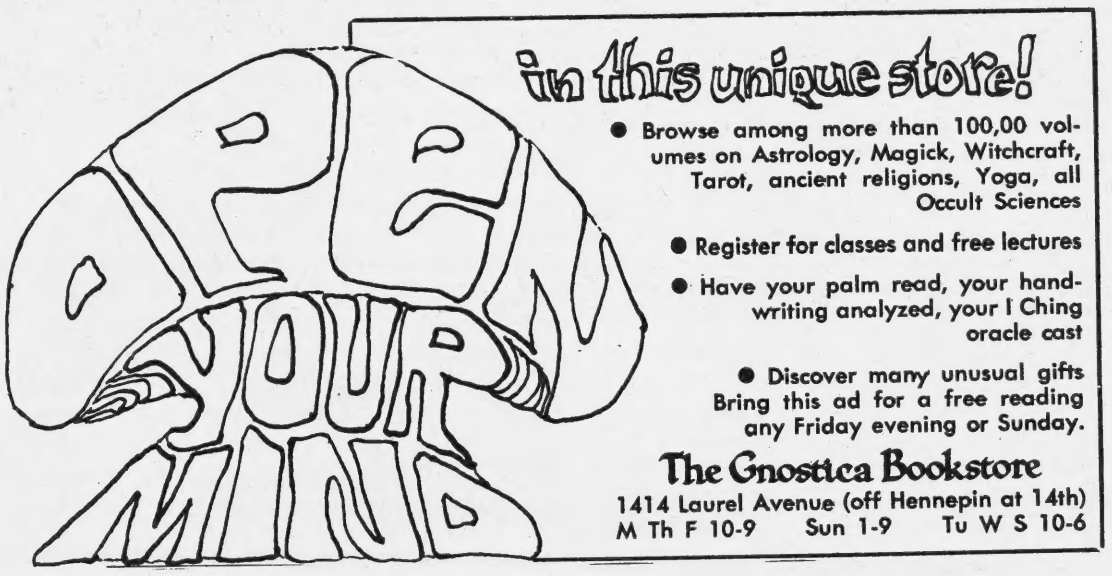
The Cedar Riverside Community Union is made up of all those residents of the Cedar-Riverside neighborhood who care to attend the frequent public meetings (usually held in Andrew-Riverside Presbyterian Church). At a recent meeting a Community Council was elected to see to the day-to-day activities of the Union. The central aim of the Union is to assert the rights of the residents of the area. Up to the formation of the Union, the area was completely under the thumb of big impersonal institutions like the University of Minnesota, Fairview and St. Mary's Hospital, and Augsburg College, not to mention the more personally oppressive landlord, Cedar-Riverside Associates. Now, for the first time, the residents--the people who actually live in the neighborhood-have a voice. And that voice is calling for complete community control of the area. That means that the goal of the Union is final say-so and veto power over all the planning for the area and also over every social service agency, existing or proposed.

THE IMMEDIATE OBJECTIVES pursuant to that goal are to stop the expansion of the University (which now threatens the homes of many long-time residents) and to stop urban renewal in the area (which threatens to destroy the neighborhood completely and to line the pockets of the big-business financiers and their running-dogs the landlord). The Union's volunteer lawyers have already succeeded in delaying the condemnation process begun by the University, and the attempt to forestall the condemnation entirely has a good success. The Union has also demanded that the Board of Regents of the University recognize it as an authoritative agency for reviewing all plans which the University has for the area. Union representatives have already met with V i c e President Champion (in charge of planning) and with the University's architects.

ONE OF THE MOST ENCOURAGING ASPECTS of the Cedar-Riverside Community Union is the heavy representation and participation on the part of older, long-term (sometimes life-long) residents of the neighborhood. The Union is not merely a 'student organization' or a 'bunch of young radicals'. Because, while there are plenty of young radicals involved, there are also plenty of older people;workers and pensioners and lots of those famous 'silent majority' types who are sick of being silent and who are ready to get it on with young activists in order to save their community.

Meanwhile, the Union has presented itself to the Housing and Redevelopment Authority downtown as the only truly representative spokesman for community residents, demanding to be recognized as an official Project Area Committee under the Urban Renewal laws. When the Union has this status, it will be able to determine--to a large extent--what goes down (or up) in the neighborhood.

The Cedar Riverside Community Union is putting into practice what we have all known for some time:that it's high time the old and the young, students and workers, recognize that they are natural allies since they're all getting screwed by the same pigs, and that it's time to start working together to off those oppressors.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AN EPITAPH FOR THE BLUES . . .

THE WOLF COMES TO TOWN

by Thomas Utne

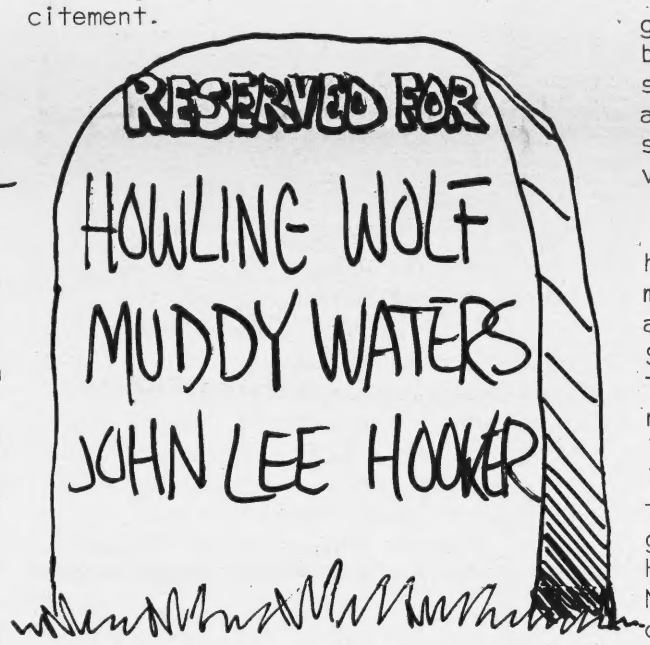
They were all alive and blue just five years ago. Now— a pall hangs over all the blues. As each old master kicks the bucket that feeling of impending doom quickens.The Walker Arts people brought Howlin' Wolf and a bit of that feeling to the Cedar Theatre early this month. And we all came out to see that living legend while we still had the chance.

The Wolf is working on his third heart attack now. And his band seems desperately intent on delaying it, shuffling him around and continually trying to minimize his role and his efforts. But Howlin'Wolf has always been emotionally involved with his music and his audience. He wanted so badly to put out, to please, that all of us,I think, were afraid he was going to sing himself to death.

And so The Wolf didn't even make his entrance until after the first six or seven songs. He let the Howling Wolf Band and Caster, his "M C", create the setting. The mood from the beginning suggested this to be a last stand for the blues as those musicians know it.

In their baggy brown-early Negro-zoot suits they stood as ominous figures of death. They recreated perfectly the nightclub-revue atmosphere that was the blues 15 years ago when the Mississippi delta bluesmen adjusted their styles to a bigger band sound. Those were the days when jazz was king and,apparently, influential. The band and Caster seemed to be hanging on to those days, and the audience was enthralled at the opportunity to witness them again. How fitting for such a sentimental occasion!

After the opening "Howling Wolf Theme" lead guitar Mighty Joe Young took the next two songs and established himself as a fan, and perhaps a member of, the King school. He played a good imitation of B. B. King's " Everyday I have the Blues " and then something by Albert King. Unfortunately all he proved was his competency for picking and singing and his taste for good songs. His voice was great but he got a little overbearing copying the Kings' every intonation warble and shout. His advanced case of the King-complex mars his potential excitement.

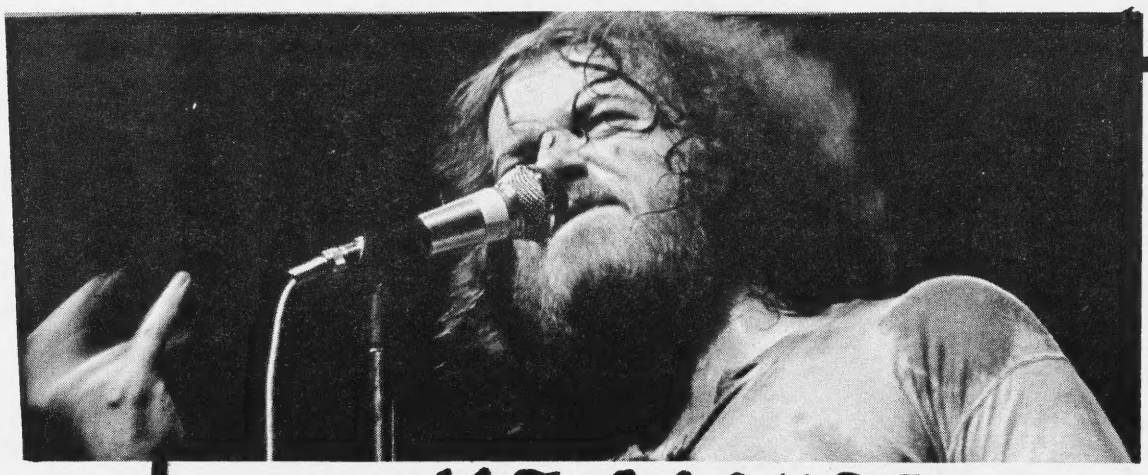


Before Howling Wolf entered the stage Caster, the MC, crooned a couple tunes. It's a smooth voice for the blues (especially compared to The Wolf) and he'd have no trouble following the bouncing ball or singing baritone for the Ink Spots. And his jive is straight out of the fifties.

Finally, Caster's "boss-man" appeared, and what a giant he was! That scowl!! He must be the only man in the world who could give Sonny Liston the heebie-jeebies. And those hands just swallowed up his harp. The Wolf is a sight and a sound to behold. His voice is pure steel-file and sandpaper. With fantastic dignity and hand protectively on heart, Howling Wolf strolls on stage. He scowls, he smiles, he gives a sign to his band and he's playing his harp and singing his blues. And it's a distinctive harp. He was always understating the theme yet making up for it with some unique haunting tones or simply pretty sounds. Subdued and a bit scary (Please Wolf! Don't take those pills on stage. It's a little too dramatic for us!), The Wolf went through most of his standards. High spots were "Back Door Man," "Shake it for Me," "Dust My Broom," "Driftin and Driftin," and his encore "Spoonful." Only towards the end as his empathy with the crowd grew did his showmanship approach that of the Wolf of old.

The band stayed tight and steady all evening behind the Wolf. Mighty Joe Young was the only band member introduced, but he did revolve rhythm and lead with another, equally competent, guitarist. The music was always very straight blues, mostly three-chord progressions, but with the drummer and bassist offering more than their usual secondary roles, the fine guitar work, and the Wolf singing, *it was all very* special. And with Wolf dying it was all very tense.

Who's next? Skip James and Josh White have just passed in the last couple months. Shakey Horton is always sick and he's ready to go. Sun House and Sleepy John Estes are awfully old. They'll go any time. Roosevelt Holtz is rotting in a Mississippi jail for trying to collect royalties. Muddy Waters is so banged up from an auto accident that he may never sing again. And if HE goes, and the Wolf goes, and John Lee Hooker goes,well, there goes the blues. Not to say that the best isn't yet to come (after all, Taj Mahal is 24 and fantastic), but anything left can only be an attempt to recreate the legends (even Taj is city-bred and college educated-- on stage he's a studied plow-pusher). The legends are still here, barely, but it's all about over.



JOE COCKER

HERE'S THE SCOOP ON THE DEPOT, KIDS:

the decor:	amazingly tasteless
the room:	amazingly tiny
the floor:	amazingly crowded
the liquor:	amazingly costly
the sound:	amazingly loud
Cocker & Butterfield:	amazing!

PAUL BUTTERFIELD

Led Zeppelin, a musical group, came to Minneapolis last Sunday night, I think. By Chippawa Falls. P.S. My sister thought they were neat, but I don't know. They didn't start until 10:30 and most of their equipment broke anyway.

LED ZEPPELIN

HOROSCOPE FOR HUNDRED FLOWERS

APRIL 17TH, 1970 2:59 P.M.

SUN IN ARIES—

Restless, great love for individual determinism, pioneering, headstrong, very free, impulsive, blunt, constantly seeking new ways and new ideas, and quite impatient. ☆☆☆☆☆☆

PLUTO IN MARS— ☆☆☆☆☆☆

Serious revolutionists. ☆☆☆

MOON IN VIRGO—

Reasonable, considerate, selective, with good mind and memory suited for work of an intellectual nature, may try to limit world to what we personally are capable of understanding. We report, consult, analize, and want to be useful, We desire action We are intolerant of aimlessness and abstractions.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

VIRGO ASCENDANT—

A DISCRIMINATING SENCE OF JUSTICE~SHALL RISE IN LIFE THROUGH ATTENTION TO DETAIL~BE CAREFUL TO KEEP PERSPECTIVE AND PROPORTION~MUST NOT OVEREMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF DETAIL. A STRONG WILL-BUT IT CAN BE SWAYED BY REASON~AS A CHILD WE SHALL PROBABLY ENDURE POVERTY

NEPTUNE IN SAGGITARIUS—

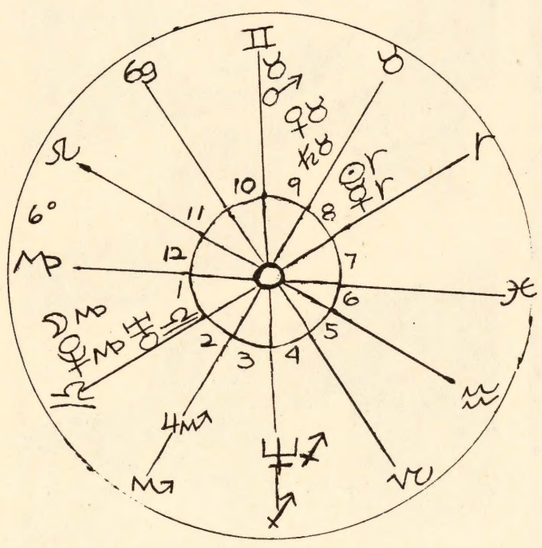
Long range prophetic ability and a highly developed talent for insight into motivation of others. Our vivid dreams are liable to come true. Advanced notions about religion and the soul And superb creative ability in editorial and journalistic work. A link with latin speaking lands.

MARS IN TAURUS~Can create almost anything we visualize~can be rash and violent.

SATURN IN TAURUS~TENDS TO DEVELOPE, FEARS OF LOSS OF MONEY, LOVE, & SECURITY. TRY GARDENING!

JUPITER IN SCORPIO~

Defender of the underdog, We are capable of justifying or rationalizing any of our actions and take enormous pride in facing down challenges and overcoming minor disasters---many of which we create ourselves. We shall, however, aquire great prestige in our field of endevor! ☆☆☆



Criminal 'Justice'

by Ray Griffith, teaching associate in zoology and SDS member at the University of Minnesota.

On the afternoon of March 6, 200-400 students and campus workers (estimates vary), including members of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), badly damaged the office of the University of Minnesota's Criminal Justice Studies Department (CJS).

FIRST, CJS is not a regular University department--it is under the supervision of Vice President Lukerman and isn't really a part of any college. What is vastly more important is that the philosophy behind CJS is the direct antithesis of what the university ideal should be. CJS is set up to crank out police administrators (the department's own materials acknowledge this), not to sensitize whole police forces (even if this could be done with education alone). CJS is partially funded and staffed under the auspices of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), which is the child of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act decried by liberals and radicals alike at the time of its passage.

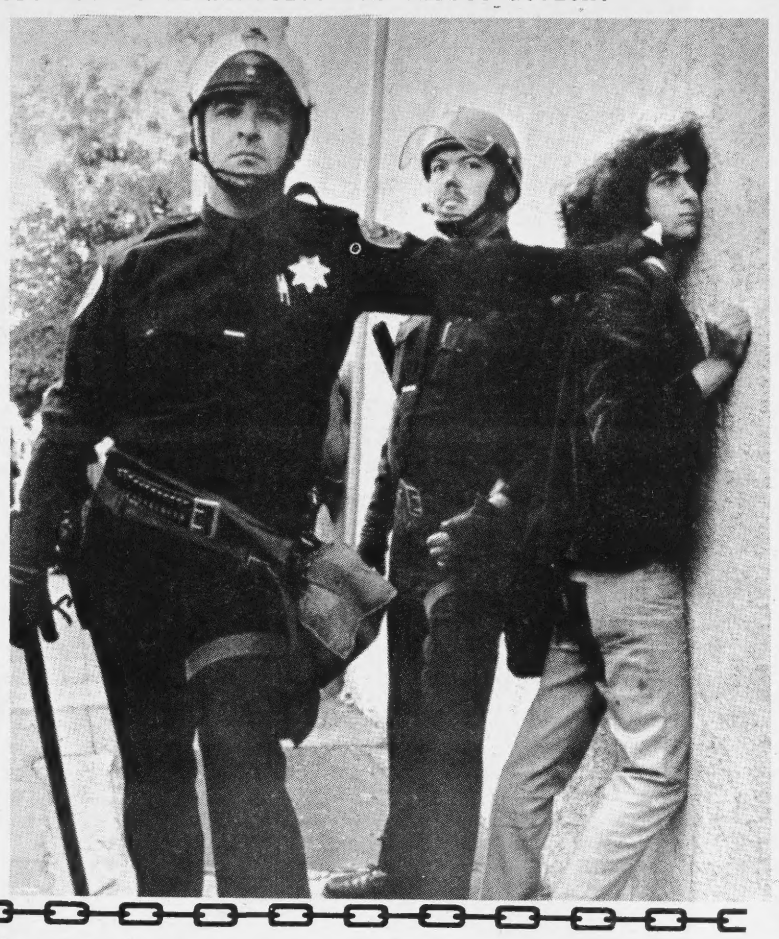
CJS' part in the LEAA program is that of training administrators for a national police network which will have access to computerized lists of persons considered to be subversives, not just lists of those convicted of crimes--see the San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle for a chilling account of the computerized files the Army already has set up to keep track of those who make trouble for it. (Does this include the conservationists who are criticizing the Corps of Engineers? Personally, I would not like to have to find out the hard way.)

Clearly, this CJS presents a local example of some very sinister developments. It's not exactly something for intellectuals to be proud of.

ANOTHER CASE against the libertarian academic image of CJS can be made: The whole thrust of the department is toward supression of "crime" rather than curing the basic societal ills that breed such unrest. In other words, as an answer to "our troubled times" CJS is a complete sham because of its philosophy of making the police better at their present role rather than questioning that role. This is a most anti-intellectual posture and casts a great deal of suspicion on the ethics and motives of all those who support CJS. But attempting real cures for societal ills might mean that some very influential people, like the corporation heads that sit on the U. of M. board of trustees and their friends, might lose some of their influence and profits. Moreover, a lot of little people-the so-called silent Americans-might wake up to the fact that the country could be made quite a bit more democratic than it is.

Something about this society is causing an alarming amount of social unrest. Many of us radicals think this "something" is rooted in the ideals of private enterprise, but whatever it is, its cure will not be found in a simple face-lifting of the police. But this is exactly what CJS is doing. CJS is simply the liberal equivalent of the reactionary policy of coercion-by-law-and-order. Like ROTC, CJS has no place among people who proport to be seeking liberty, truth, and justice.

SDS and other groups have been non-violently protesting CJS and ROTC since before last autumn. The University administration has not even deemed it necessary to make any kind of rational defense. It's impossible for the left to enter into dialog with these people because the administration has no morally or intellectually defensible position. There was no alternative but direct action.



Indictments

As a result of the March 6th action against CJS, D. Peer and Terry Nyberg, Bob Krieger, Gary Richmond and Gregg Scott have been indicted by the Hennepin County Grand Jury on various charges (including unlawful assembly, criminal damage to property, riot and arson).

The trial will be political: the defense will try to prove that the violence against CJS was in the public good. So, if you'd like to aid the defense, tell your friends about the police-state-nature of CJS and get them to come to demonstrations that are sure to take place during the trial.

THIS IS A photo of the Sylvania Digital Data Transmission Equipment being introduced in San Francisco and soon to make its appearance coast to coast. It allows a cop in a squad car to tune in immediately to a computer and check out a car he's following. From a central computer ban he can have your complete dossier relayed instantaneously.

Doesn't that make you feel better?

1984— gettin' down to busine$$

CHICAGO, Ill. (LNS) -- Five hundred cops got together with friendly scientists in the Conrad Hilton March 31-April 2 for the Third National Symposium on Law Enforcement Science and Technology. The Symposium was financed by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) of the U.S. Justice Department, and organized by the Illinois Institute of Technology Research institute (IITRI).

The Purpose of this conference was to inform the homefront counterinsurgency army of new developments in repression achieved by the overseas counterinsurgency army. One speaker, describing the problems of patrolling the ghetto at night, noted that "The same problem was faced by the Army in fighting guerrilla activities. In response the military's need in this area, industry,in cooperation with the U.S. Army, has developed a major program to eliminate the cover of darkness from the battlefield."

The speaker, Mr. F.G. Stoudenheimer of RCA Electronics, was only one of a series of military scientists who lectured the police audience on what Robert Hand of IITRI called "the application of aerospace technology to law enforcement problems."

Other speakers addressed the application of computerized command-and-control and information-processing systems to law enforcement. Computerized intelligence systems had their first battlefield test run in Vietnam,where the CIA, under Project Phoenix, uses computerized dossiers to plan the assassination of the NLF's "parallel government." Now the same equipment and techniques will be used to maintain files on domestic insurgents.

Corporate executives, professors, and "middle management" police personnel mixed comfortably in the Conrad Hilton, seemingly unaware that it had once served as the backdrop for the infamous confrontation between the "criminal justice system" and America's insurgent youth. Conference participants were reminded of this battle, however, when Rennie Davis of the Chicago Conspiracy showed up at several workshops.

Davis, out on bail while awaiting appeal of his inciting-to-riot conviction, later attended the conference banquet--in the hopes he would cause guest-of-honor Attorney General John Mitchell to suffer indigestion. (Mitchell never showed up.) A Chicago newspaper noted ironically that Rennie and a companion raised $15 each to pay for the banquet by "passing a hat among dinner patrons and guests in the lobby of the hotel across from which Davis and four of his co-defendents in 1968 committed some of the acts for which they were sentenced to prison."

"We need to be 'on' to conferences of this type," Rennie told reporters. "They are subject to penetration by the movement. We feel that these guys are the architects of 1984."

Conferences like this one are usually opened to the public -- yet very few people from the movement ever attend them. The police have always penetrated movement conferences -- it's about time we penetrated theirs.

No Gold in Golden Valley

AS A MATTER of fact, all the suburbs are really bad places to have dope. Not necessarily bad places to be stoned, but dangerous places to be holding, especially late at night. I was picked up a few days ago with 5 others on our way out of town. No one was charged but we were held for almost the maximum of 72 hours on "investigation of narcotics." While the details of the overall harassment we received are not important, I feel it is important for everyone to be aware of the dangers of living in a highly prejudiced police state. Let's face it -- there's a war on, and if we are to taste the sweet victory of freedom, we must do out best to stay out of the pigs P.O.W. camps (jail)!

A friend of mine thinks we should stop doing dope, for this reason, and so that we will be not only less vulnerable, but more capable of doing our individual and collective jobs. I don't necessarily agree in all cases although I do feel it's very important for all of us to be aware of, and to do our jobs. People are so diversified in what their jobs are and where their heads are at,that I feel it impossible to make such a sweeping general statement. Specifically, some of us, mostly older heads who have been in the dope scene longer reach a point where dope is not needed or even desirable in order to: (a) be aware of what's happening, and (b) keep in a positive state of mind conducive to doing something constructive about the situation. To others, however, it may be a valuable tool toward both awareness and creativity. This is especially true of artists, whose special job is often to offer alternatives to present trends and patterns of awareness, thinking and behavior. For these people, my word of caution is against paranoia, not dope,for I am one of these people, and this, my 3rd experience with being jailed for being a musician-freak, has not negatively affected my feelings about who I am, where I am, and what I'm doing at all -- the only thing I regret is that more caution was not taken with respect to the fact that there was a pregnant women, and a mother and child in the car, in fact it's gotten easier to handle and relate to each time. This is because my mind is stronger. In other words, I think what's really important, both in terms of the revolution,and the evolution and god-realization of man on a more cosmic plane,is not what the cops did, but what we did! Such as maintaining our cool, making it as evident as possible to the cops,who we are and what we're doing, and letting them see the righteousness in our faces, (if they looked;) whether they looked or not, getting high in jail doing yoga exercises and meditation and OMing and chanting and singing Hare Krishna and doing Tarot readings, etc.

One more word, if a friend of yours is in the Minneapolis jail(cityside), messages, cigarettes, money,etc., will be accepted downstairs, but will not reach prisoners.

Kenny Turner

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Georgeville commune; a trip

RECENTLY SEVEN OF us piled into the back of a micro-bus and left the bummer-to-bummer traffic of rush-hour Minneapolis for Georgeville, a rural hip community, ninety miles from the Twin Cities. Our only contact with rural communes had been through the myth-making media: glossy LIFE layouts on hippies, the commune scene in Easy Rider, and the lyrics of Jefferson Airplane's "The Farm." Now we would see the 'Green Revolution' for ourselves and discuss a possible link between this newspaper and Georgeville's communards.

Enroute to Georgeville, we reviewed our expectations, preconceptions and prejudices about rural communes. We know that the country and city free-folk are both trying to build a movement of young people, getting together in groups, communes, collectives so alternative structures and relations might be experimented with to find living situations that people value. But, it is easy for media-oriented, city based people to rap about 'radical restructing of society' and yet dismiss the Green Revolution as escapism.

After all, a 'free zone' in the country is groovy, another micro-unit dedicated to developing a just society. But, what about the necessity to build and expand open experiments in urban living, hip enclaves inside the city where most people live? Weighty questions to be asking as seven freaks speed toward a funky, hip-version of Mainstreet U.S.A. in the middle of Minnesota.

When you drive into Georgeville, you are immediately struck by its small-town isolation: a few two-story buildings make-up the one-sided mainstreet and small houses encircle them. Yapping dogs rush up and someone comes out to welcome you and usher you inside a huge, store-front building. A hall cluttered with 100-lb. sacks of macrobiotic grain

leads to an expansive kitchen where dinner is being prepared for 20 or more people. Around a wood-stoked, pot-bellied stove, the communards of Georgeville work, prepare food, love and care for their kids together, share their daily lives.

At first, the visitor to Georgeville roams around the kitchen, completely awe-struck by its nostalgic, funky atmosphere. (This pattern is repeated by each new arrival to Georgeville.) As the residents watch in friendly amusement, the city folk--spectators down for the weekend--inspect earthen-ware utensils, huge pickle jars, astrological charts and Thorean wall-quotes. After the kitchen has been inspected; there is always the adjoining living shelter to wander through.

This gigantic, open two-story space is even more fantastic than the kitchen. Instead of being neatly compartmentalized like city apartments and houses (even communal ones), the main room is casually divided into a living area (with couches in a circle, books stacked together to one side, sewing materials to the other), a study area (an island-like platform with expansive culttered desks), and sleeping quarters (tent-like compartments separated only by indian-print bedspreads). Two or three tree-house-like platforms stand out amidst the sleeping quarters: unique 'nests' for the children.

Although Georgeville is not totally self-sufficient, commune members do grow and prepare most of their own food, cut their own fuel (a basement full of wood), work on a hundred different tasks--in short, survive and grow. They also have time to be and share with their collective family and visiting friends. (Time, incidentally, is an abstraction which one forgets at Georgeville where the day begins with a rooster's crow instead of a buzzing alarm clock.)

Instead of bemoaning society's repression of sexuality and human contact; they embrace one another frequently. Instead of discussing the current decline and fall of the traditional 'nuclear family'; men and women share house-hold tasks and child-care. Instead of worrying about pollution; they drink clear spring water, bake preservative-free bread, eat home-grown vegetables, recycle their wastes, etc. Instead of complaining about the meaninglessness of the eight-to-five work-day drag; they use the unalienated products of their own daily labor (earthen-ware, home-made food, reconditioned clothes, and so on). Instead of blaming their own powerlessness on bureaucracies and impersonal institutions; they have built their own equalitarian community, a 'leaderless' group of organized, productive people. They know that the proof of their beliefs and values is in the reality of their own actions, not their talk or good intentions.

Georgeville is anything but an escape from the horror of urban America's reality; it is a revolutionary experiment in living. Its residents are not unconcerned about the larger society's problems. Georgeville sent a sizeable delegation to the coast for November's Mobilization Against the Vietnam War (--probably the only Minnesota hamlet of 28 people to do so). Some of its male residents are draft resisters and others have traveled throughout Minnesota rapping about their commune, collective living, ecological consciousness, and mutual quest for honesty. They have even made a film of themselves to let outsiders get some impression of their way of life. So far, they have been open to visits by weekend-trippers (many rural communes discourage visits), and hope to provide more space to new people who are prepared to really commit themselves to Georgeville. Likewise, they hope to do a 'country supplement' for this newspaper and seem open to raps with city folks.

It is difficult to write about Georgeville and its people. It would be much easier to report on the grandoise plans of modern architects to develop 'new towns' in the country-side. But Georgeville is a beautiful reality becuase its residents don't pretend to have all the answers; they are doing their own thing now--trying to extend one small sphere of freedom in a very uptight world. Like Dylan, they don't want their visitors to 'go mistaking paradise for that home across the road', but are willing 'to give you all they've got to give and hope you receive it well, depending on the way you live.'

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Macrobiotics means great vitality. It is a diet of ancient Japan, practiced by Zen monks. It is a diet of mainly whole grains, vegetables, and a few animal products, fowl, fish and fertilized eggs. The basic of the diet is balance. Yin (sugar, Potassium) and Yang (salt, sodium) are balanced. Sugar and meat are to be avoided. There is natural sugar in food. Onions are high in natural sugar.

The first reason for being on the macrobiotic diet is good health. Your mind is your body--so if your body is in balance your mind will also be.

Macrobiotics is a way in which the whole world can eat. There is enough grain to go around, but there isn't enough meat.

We do not eat food dusted with insecticides, or preserved with chemicals. Everytime you buy such food you are not only endangering your health but you are contributing to a system based on greed and every time you eat such food you buy a little of someones freedom. The reason preservatives and insecticides are used is because someone is out to make a dollar, it isn't to make you healthier; it's to make somebody richer. And then once you have eaten a processed product you have to worry about what the packaging material is going to do to the environment. You should buy organically grown vegetables and grains, and you should grind your own grain for bread.

Next week--the Georgeville Bread Recipe.

For beast hee makes Grasse grow.
Herbs also for man's good:
That hee may bring out of the earth
What may be for their food.

Wine also that man's heart be glad
And oyle their face to bright;
and bread which to the heart of man
May it supply with might.

So rejoiced our Puritan Colonial brothers, in giving thanks for the successful planting and harvesting of the crops that supplied their needs. Whether it be for the stomach, the ills or the head, they grew it. Aw yes that was the life. To go into your very own garden and pick out fresh vegies for your meals. We seem to have long since passed that life for other things.

Well old Mother Earth is now asking us for the favor to be returned to her. So many of her lands are locked in cement and concrete, her soils exhausted. It is time for us to plant seeds in her womb and nourish them till birth, then once again rejoice in the fruits she will bring forth for us as she did so long ago.

A suitable plot of land for your garden must be in direct sunlight at least six hours a day, and even that is cutting it short. It must be well drained and not subject to excess water. You will most likely find a water problem around where street work or building construction is being done. The land must not be contaminated by wastes of coal, chemical, or oil products. It must not be so poor that not even weeds or grass are growing on it or so wet that it is growing vegitation like a swamp. Deep, rich, sandy loam, or crumbly soil is the best, but a wide range of soil will do. Nearly all level land is the best planting structure. -Betty Boop

SPL IT THE SCHOOLS

"WE'RE JUST TRYING to mold you into society"-- so says a clean-mouthed administrator at West St. Paul Sibley High School. Honesty is still a virtue. Across the street at Grass Jr. High cops were called in three days in a row to haul out 8th and 9th graders for wearing hats in school and trying to leaflet their fellow students about being kicked and kicked out. A sixth grader across the town is hip to the clean-mouth too. He stepped onto his school bus, sat down, and said a few moments later, "This school is a prison, ya know. This bus. Its like the things with bars in 'em that they use to haul prisoners around." Did we understand those things when we were 12 years old? A fifth-grader brought an old hand-grenade to school for "show-and-tell." Asked if it was armed, he let loose, "No it isn't. But if it were I'd throw it in the boiler room."

Every community has its own brick-and-plastic Babylonian Proving Grounds--graders 1-12. Every school board gives its teachers a year's supply of carrots and commands them to polish them up and hold them out gleefully to the herd of students every morn. The kid who susts his ass hardest to beat out all the other kids is given A after A carrot after carrot and diploma right into the top track of the University and the very highest priviledged pig stys of Amerika.

Meanwhile the Black and Chicano and lower-income kids and those with still-flickering impulses of sanity and humanity in their guts are trampled down into the principal's office, the back row, and the Grownup shitwork pens of Amerika. Namely, the local factory, Army recruiting office. Because they're "Not as good." This is called Equal Opportunity. In reality we are run through a highly unequal breeding process into an Unequal and Deathly Empire Amerika.

More and more devices are being used around our area. St. Louis Park High offers a Law Enforcement Club. Here, one can ride around town in pig vehicles to see how they run, and learn how to shoot a gun. It was open to all. Until a bunch of politicos and freaks tried to join; then new rules were set up.

Roosevelt High classes showed a film produced by Honeywell about all of the fine careers available. They didn't come around to describing the hog-profits of Honeywell's Wayzata executives, or the opportunity to help manufacture a variety of torpedoes, anti-personnel bombs and teargas cannisters. Almost every school now has its share of narc informers.

STILLWATER ADMINISTRATORS, in team with their new narc-expert "police liason officer," were recently exposed as having stripped down a student to his pants looking for Stuff. Students were ready and let the startled townspeople, as well as students, know about it and other similar incidents, through leaflets and public meetings. Student Union members from other schools arrived to support them. People are learning and fighting back, but with anything less than hundreds of students willing to take risks winning remains a remote possibility.

From under the Masters' whips, small groups of kids are speaking and acting at many schools. We are some with MSU, some with SMC or SDS and others alone. Underground papers are coming out all over: The Blind Student at Anoka, Joe's Beans in farmtown Windom, Minn., The Dove and Weatherman at Bloomington Kennedy, The People at South The Freep at St. Paul--Washington, The Other Side at Hopkins, and more. Brothers were suspended and expelled for selling The Black Panther at St. Paul Central and Stillwater.

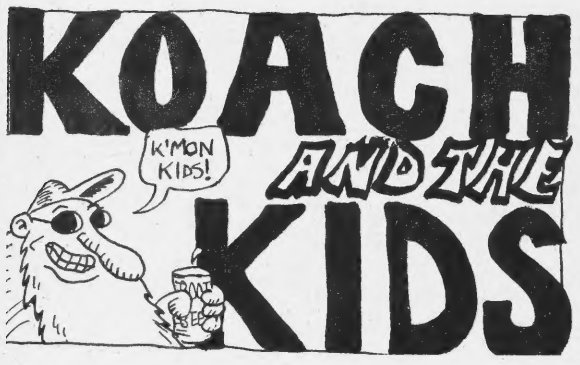
WE ARE, MANY of us, Together, building conspiratorial lifelines.

We want to start a statewide underground paper for high school people and dropouts. If you're an artist or writer (unskilled workers are needed too) and think you might really want to put out for it--call the M.S.U. office, 338-6486. And call us if good things are happening at your school among your people. We'll try to give support and spread the word.

Dead Serious
Join us struggling
it out together!

Marcos

KOACH AND THE KIDS



As the snow melts from the ground and the hockey equipment is stored for another season, the cry, "Play Ball." is being heard throughout the community. As usual there is a shortage of coaches for the many teams.

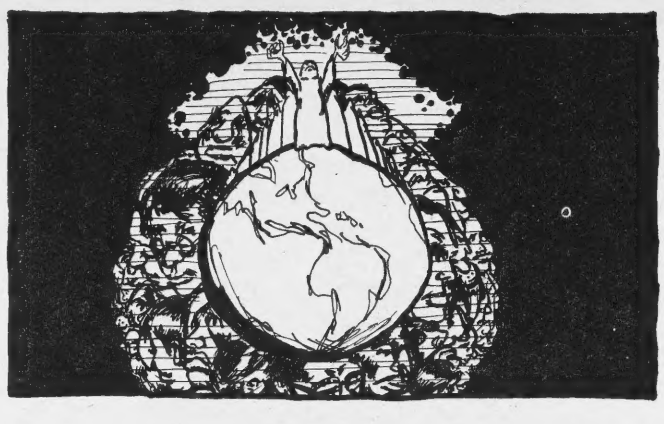
If you would be interested in helping coach in your community, go down to your Neighborhood Park and talk to the staff and kids.

The season doesn't start until early May so you've got plenty of time. The kids sure could use you. Let's take time for someone else.

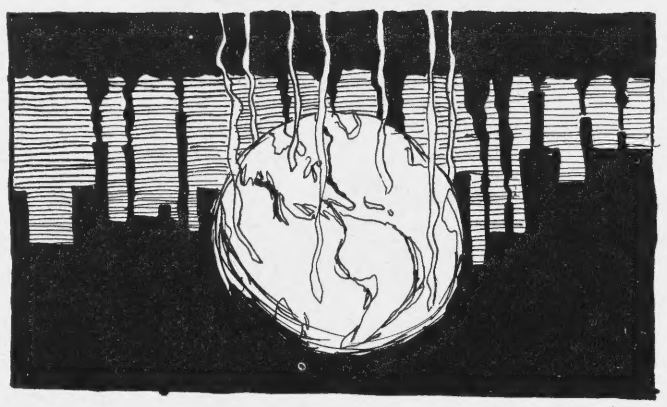
And, just for you, we are organizing a 16" slow pitch, men and women combination team in our community and would be interested in playing other communities. Call Pat Felien at Powderhorn Park for further information. Also, there's been talk of a father-son slow pitch team. In 16" play there are no gloves, bases are shorter, the ball is softer, and it's a lot of fun.

Let's Play Ball--together.

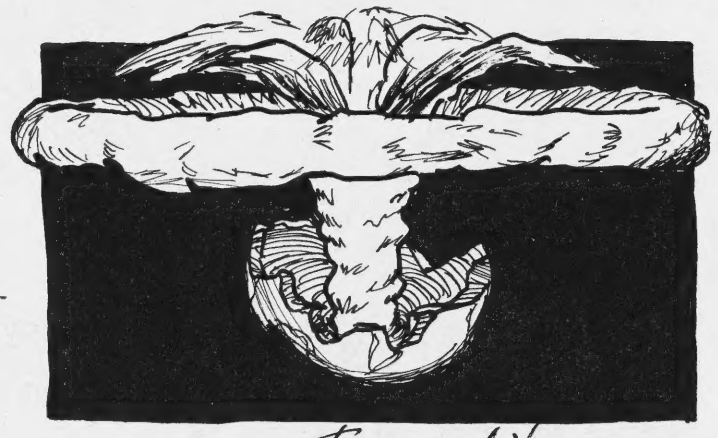
A CHOICE OF WEAPONS:



☐ OVERPOPULATION



☐ OVERPOLLUTION



☐ OVERKILL

Thomas Uhne 4/70

en aarde. earth !

2:59 P.M. 4-17-70

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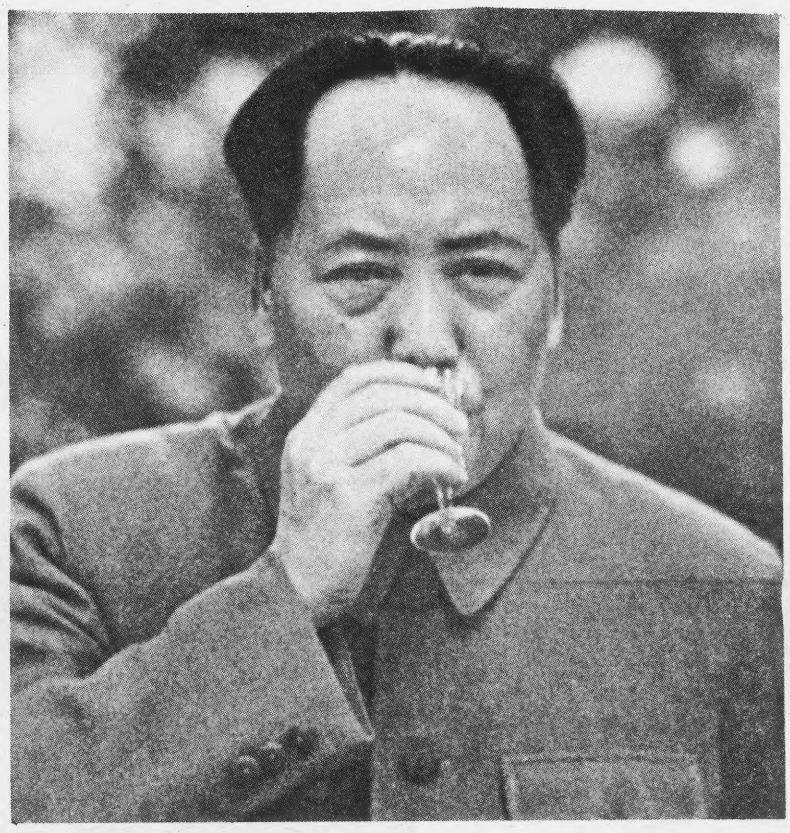
THE POLICY OF letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is designed to promote the flourishing of the arts and the progress of science; it is designed to enable a socialist culture to thrive in our land. Different forms and styles in art can develop freely and different schools in science can contend freely. We think that it is harmful to the growth of art and science if administrative measures are used to impose one particular style of art or school of thought and to ban another. Questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences should be settled through free discussion in artistic and scientific circles and in the course of practical work in the arts and sciences. They should not be settled in summary fashion. A period of trial is often needed to determine whether something is right or wrong. In the past, new and correct things often failed at the outset to win recognition from the majority of people and had to develop by twists and turns in struggle. Correct and good things have often at first been looked upon not as fragrant flowers but as poisonous weeds. Copernicus' theory of the solar system and Darwin's theory of evolution were once dismissed as erroneous and had to win through over bitter opposition. Chinese history offers many similar examples. In socialist society, conditions for the growth of new things are radically different from and far superior to those in the old society. Nevertheless, it still often happens that new, rising forces are held back and reasonable suggestions smothered.

The growth of new things can also be hindered, not because of deliberate suppression, but because of lack of discernment. That is why we should take a cautious attitude in regard to questions of right and wrong in the arts and sciences, encourage free discussion, and avoid hasty conclusions. We believe that this attitude will facilitate the growth of the arts and sciences.

Mao Tse-tung



"A REVOLUTION IS NOT A DINNER PARTY" — MAO

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